

THE
Popish HUNT

AFTER THE

Protestant Plot.

OR,

The Blood-Hounds at Full Cry.

TOGETHER WITH

A Dialogue between *Nat. Implement* and one of the Jesuites in *Newgate*, about broaching more Shams ; especially that of *Young Tony's* pretended Recantation, and his charging the Contrivance of his Subornation upon the Presbyterians.

With some Animadversions upon the Adventure of the Turkey.

SCENE, the Press-Yard. Enter Jesuite.

Jesuite. **S**O Ho, So Ho : Stop there, the Protestant Plot has got the Start on us ; Halloo *Towzer*, Run Turkey-Stealer ; There, there *Tamive*, turn her on that side, for if once she gets clear of us, we shall have the Popish Plot brought the second time to the Stake, and Baited worse than ever ; now 'tis no time to dally, my Masters, for if we cool upon it, we shall loose the Scent, and never have the like Opportunity ; The Popes Credit must be re-gained, and the Popish Plot obliterated, if possible ; the Murder of that Shadow of a Knight, Sir E. B. G. that makes such a noise in the World, must be Cancell'd, either by turning it upon the Whigs, or laying it at his own Door, nay, any thing must be done to rub off the Dirt that has bespatter'd true Popish Catholics. There there, *Towzer* follows her close at the Heels, So ho, So ho, Halloo Joler, Loose Loose I say the Irish Blood-Hounds, they have her already in the Wind, and there's a fair Course for it ; There, there, so, now they are after her at Full-Cry, O what a pleasing Harmony they make : Now Whigs, where are you now ? the Game's our own, if our Hounds don't baulk it ; Halloo Ring-tail, Halloo Bob-tail, There, There, There, now, past doubt, they have her, and we shall bath our hands in the Quarry : O, the Whigs, the Whigs, D-- me, the Whigs are all in suspense already ; O, it makes me Laugh to see how simply they look, --- but stay, I hear a noise, some one is entring, and I must be silent, lest I break the Cockatrice Egg ere the Serpent is Hat. ht.

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Enters *Nat. Implement.*

Jesuit. Ha, my Sight deceives me, or 'tis our Sworn Drudge, at his Holinesses Cross Keys.

Nat. You are in the right on't Father, 'tis he, the very same you mention'd, the man, That to advance the Catholick Cause, and regain the Credit of his Holiness, would pawn his Soul to the Devil at any rate, Nay, rather than the Whigs should domineer, or by bringing me into a second Boyish Plot to make me lie Wind-bound in the *Gate-House* another couple of Months, to lessen their Credits, I'll thrice a Week so bemaule e'm with egregious Lies, so bespatter e'm with Scandals and Reproaches of your Coyning; That not one of them shall dare peep out of his Hutch, for fear of being hooted at.

Jes. O let me imbrace thee, now I am confirmed thou art one of the Popes trusty Janizaries, a fellow so fit for our purpose, as if thou hadst been made to no other end; but Prethee what business brought thee hither so soon this morning?

Nat. D—— me Sir, Can you be Ignorant of my business? By St. *Coleman*, I was in good hopes you had been provided for me; why, I want two or three Paragraphs of Shams or Rallery, to fill up my Intelligence, for by St. *Whitebread* News grows so scant that I shall not be otherwise able to Publish it above once a Week, unless you would have me stuff it with ridiculous stories of enchanted Crows, for the *Whiggs* to snicker at.

Jes. Well *Nat.* By the Popes Toe, thou art a lucky Dog; for, as to the business you now mention, you could never have come in a better time, nay, thou art a fortunate Cur, for thou hast nick'd the critical Moment; for I and my *Ignatian* Companions have been laying our Heads together these two days, for a mischievous Invention, and at last, by the assistance of your old Friend the Midwife, we have given it Birth; the which we had scarce effected, e're some of us were of the Opinion that *Towzer* was the fittest fellow to Father it; but upon recollecting our Memories, we found he had a By-blow, much of the same nature, laid at his Door about a twelve Month since, which caused his Just-ship to take a Progress into *Scotland*, whereupon we resolved, least it should be thought to be his, by its being so like him, we then did not think it amiss, to send it our Son *Herachius*; but when we considered what a drunken Dog he is, we concluded, that the wiser sort would imagine it proceeded from the stupifying fumes of a drunken Debauchee; therefore *Nat.* since thou art so luckily arrived, no man but your self shall have the honour of sending it abroad into the World.

Nat. By his Holiness, I shall ever think my self obliged to thank you for your good Opinion of me, but pray Father, what may it import? for, by St. *Ignatius*, my Ears Itch to hear it.

Jes. O 'tis the subtillest Invention that ever we contrived, could you insinuate it into the easy Multitude, you'd do the Pope far better service than when you Printed his Catechisms, and Mother *Celliers* Narrative, though I must confess they were both advantageous to the Catholick Cause.

Nat. Well, By the *Cross Keys* that hang up at my Door, I am impatient to hear it, for be it what it will, unsight or unseen I'll print and publish it, though it cost me another jaunt hither, to take up my Lodging for good and all, for I have been so seasoned in Goals, that I dread nothing on this side Treason, no nor that neither, since (if it should be my Fate to be hanged to morrow, as I know not how soon it may happen) I am assured of his Holiness's free Pardon.

Jes. Thou art a brave fellow *Nat.* O that we had a hundred such Implements, how we wou'd make Jack *Presbyter* look about him; well, as sure as *Coleman* is fainted (which I think none but Hereticks dare question) thou shalt have the honour of Printing all the Libels our Invention can give life to, to asperse the Government, and turn the Plot upon the Protestants, for that has been our aim ever since we came hither, and our study has been bent upon nothing else.

Nat. Thanks ghostly Father; by Father *Evans's* Soul, your promises over-load me with kindness; but pray, as to the present business; for I shall think every moment an hour till I have perused it.

Jes. Here take it, 'tis already put into a Method, and such a one as nothing but the production of Jesuitical Brains can parallel.

[*Nat. Reads.*]

Nat. How's this? young *Tonge* Recant and be sorry for what he so solemnly Swore before the King and Council, in relation to his being subborned by *Towzer*, to cast the contrivance of the Popish Plot upon his Father and Dr. O. By the *Barkshire* Crow that sits prating in the Holly-bush, over the Butter Firkins of Gold and Silver, this is mischief's Master-piece; I marry Sir, this will do or the Devils in it!

Jes. Well, and don't you see how we have made the *Whigs* the Contrivers of his Impeaching his Father? and how, when they saw he bogled at it, and could not carry it through stich; they left him in a stone Dúbler, and would not so much as regard him? and farther, how we have insinuated, how advantageous it would have been to the good Old Cause had it succeeded.

Nat. Aye, and that he has confessed their Roguery, and is become a great Penitent.

Jes. Yes, yes, and farther, that he expects no Favour nor Reward; that will make it slip down the easier, for it is time to do something to perswade people there is a Protestant Plot.

Nat. And is this true?

Jes. True, *A Pox upon Truth*, she has spoiled a Plot that was 17 years a contriving, why can you imagine to enter into pay on our side, and have a Guinny a week Pension money, if your Conscience is so straight, that you cannot swallow a dozen Lyes for Breakfast; nay Oaths, if you were put to it.

Nat. My Conscience straight? why, I have not been troubled with any such thing as Conscience these 9 years, therefore you need not fear that, but to put you out of doubt, true or false I'll print it.

Jes. Why man, 'tis the second part of the Protestant Plot, and as I remember, you were a main Instrument in promoting the first, by herding your self among the Boys, that were to have made the Insurrection, under pretence of burning the Rump, for which your little acquaintance made you cool your Heels in the Gate-house a considerable season.

Nat. Right Sir, but I think I was pretty even with him, if Railery could do it.

Jes. We lost a brave hit on't, that bout.

Nat. Faith so we did, I am sure I should have been a Captain at least had it succeeded, but whats past cannot be recall'd.

Jes. Well, as it was, you were no loser by the bargain, for I doubt not but the over-plus of the Guinnys that were sent you to Treat the Youngsters at the Tavern and Ale-house, defrayed your Gate-House

house and *Navigate* Charges; and brought you off a winner.

Nat. No more of that, Sir, as you love me, for the remembrance of it terrifies me worse than the thoughts of a Pillory, or having a cast of Esquire *Catches* Office bestowed upon me: harp no more on that string, good Father, but when you shall understand how politickly I'll manage this new Sham, I hope you'll both forget and forgive that fatal Over-sight.

Jes. Dear Son, we have done that already, and all that we now can wish is, That we could stay to see the Effects this works in the over-credulous.

Nat. Stay, -- By *Coleman's Ghost*, I hope you don't intend to leave me in the Lurch.

Jes. VVe would not willingly; but it cannot be help'd, for we have it confirm'd by some of our old Friends (that lurk about the Town to inform us which way the VVind blows,) that we must shortly pack up our Awls for the *Scilly Islands*.

Nat. Nay, then I am undone; O, what shall I do for Sham-Inventions to furnish my Intelligence; nay, I must e'n lay it down, and cry *pleacari*, or the Whigs, being Ten to One too hard for me, will by their continual Discovery of my little Rogueries, render me more ridiculous than ever: Indeed, I heard something of this yesterday, but could not believe a word of it.

Jes. 'Tis too true, but be of good Comfort *Nat.* for we have been so Provident, as to provide enough before hand to serve you for a Month at least, and by that time we shall be settled in our new Quarters, and then expect to hear from us every Post.

Nat. This revives me, but pray does *Madam Cellier* bear you Company?

Jes. No, no, she must not as yet leave her Old Landlord.

Nat. That's well.

Jes. 'Tis so, for we have given her Order to assist you in your weekly business, as much as in her lies, and to let you Father all the Shams she can invent.

Nat. Nay, then I doubt not but I shall be able to make some Shot against my Enemies, for I know she's a Plaguy Jade at Invention.

Jes. Hold, hold, a word more, I see a Whig about to enter, and if he should over-hear us, all our Sport is spoiled, farewell at this time, and remember what you have to do, and let me see you next Friday at Confession, and then we'll discourse about other matters.

Nat. I shall be all Obedience, and now I think on't, I could not have staid much longer, if no interruption had happened, lest our Turkey should be over-roasted.

Jes. What Turkey?

Nat. One that we found straying from an Inn, near *Charter-House*, and found out of a *Providence Gort*, lest she should be lost, took her up, and clapping her under my Cloak, stuffed her, and brought her into this world to be doct, where erewhile of your Sons, expect my Return, and will grow impatient at my stay: Farewell Father, oh!

Jes. Farewel, Son, the Popes and my Blessing attend you; be active in promoting the Cause, and as that prospers expect your Advancement.

Nat. Doubt not my Diligence, but now time calls away. -- Once more, dear Sir, farewell.

Jes. Farewell, dear Sir, farewell.

